



## TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

There was never a time when the nation and the help of women were more appreciated than at the present time. Women should learn war-nursing and nursing at home. There is no better way than to study the new edition of the "Common Sense Medical Adviser"—with chapters on First Aid, Bandaging, Anatomy, Hygiene, care of the Sick, Diseases of Women, Mother and Babe, and Marriage Relations—to be had at some drug-store or send 50c. to Publisher, 654 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

If a woman suffers from weak back, nervousness or dizziness—if pains afflict her, the best tonic and corrective is one made up of native herbs and made without alcohol, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is the prescription of Dr. Pierce, used by him in active practice many years and now in almost every drugstore in the land, in liquid or in tablets. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c. for trial pkg. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are also best for liver and bowel trouble.

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The "Come back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the overzealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

If you have passed the winter intelligently, your farm implements will show it in the spring.

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Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. \$10.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

It is good to live and learn.—Don Quixote.

## Summering in Texas

By LINCOLN TOTHELM

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When Betty Wilson heard of German atrocities and the appalling casualties, she was shocked in a very perfect manner. She felt as if such things ought to horrify her, and accordingly would raise her hands, palms outward, in an attitude of dismay, and with a pretty shudder beg you to desist. It was awful, just awful. It took her mother's unexpected message, "Bobby's enlisted," to make the war a vital thing to her. For, although Bobby himself never knew what place he held in his sweetheart's affections, Betty had no doubts that Bobby ranked as high.

"Bobby's enlisted?" repeated Betty, incredulously. "In what branch?" Mrs. Wilson advanced toward her daughter. Betty had not taken her own brother's enlistment so to heart. "In the cavalry," she answered. "Is it not wonderful that he was accepted?"

There was a moment's silence and then Betty was crying. "But, my dear," Mrs. Wilson comforted gently, "whatever is the matter? Are you not proud to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, yes," came in a choked voice, muffled in the folds of a handkerchief hiding eyes already sadly red, "but the cavalry is the most dangerous thing in the world. He can get killed most any time."

A ring at the bell interrupted the tearful grievance. As Mrs. Wilson opened the door she whispered a hasty word to the broad-shouldered visitor.

"Where's Betty?" he called out in a husky voice as he entered the living room and pretended not to see her. Perhaps it was because of the whispered warning that Bobby was not totally unprepared for the onslaught, for with a cry of "Oh, Bobby, oh, Bobby!" Betty lunged the tiny daintiness of her person into his arms.

It required but a short conference between the two, consummated by the approval of Mrs. Wilson, to decide the trip to the leading jeweler in town. And a slightly longer conference placed upon the ring-finger of Betty's left hand the warning solitaire.

And Betty sent him away smiling. She had always felt that if her mother had not been so foolishly prejudiced she would have made an illustrious actress. Here her heart was crying and breaking, but her eyes were dry and there was a smile on her lips. And the train letter she had given him was a happy, jolly letter, full of good cheer, but she hoped he could see where the tears had fallen on the page.

At the camp post office it was not long before the soldier detailed to sort the mail knew to what troop "Robert Denton" belonged without further reference to the address, for letters and parcels, piled in a very feminine script, came with such regularity and quantity that he often was compelled to remark to the fortunate lad, "I wish you had to sort your own mail. You get more'n the whole regiment put together." At which Bobby would smile and, tucking a box of candy under one arm and a box of "smokes" under the other, would stride off reading a whopper of a letter, as he loved to dub the voluminous manuscripts which Betty spent numberless hours to compose.

It was the middle of July—a very hot and dry July. Formerly Betty had been the first to suggest vacation, and early June as a rule found her at the seaside. Mrs. Wilson was non-plussed.

"Where are you planning to go this season?" she asked. "I thought of Nantux Hook, Maine. The breezes are so cool there."

Betty shook her head with a decided negative. "Perhaps you may be going to Nantux Hook, Maine. But I am going to El Paso, Texas."

Mrs. Wilson stared. Texas for a vacation! Texas in the summer! Was her daughter in sober earnest? And then she remembered—and remembering, she smiled. For close to El Paso was Fort Bliss. And at Fort Bliss—well, at Fort Bliss was Bobby.

As the hours flew by when the train crossed the boundary line into Texas, Betty kept wondering if there were any end to the Lone Star state. With in short periods the scenery changed with unbelievable rapidity. At early morning she was traveling through a mountainous region—huge, stately hills rising majestically from the ground. Noon saw vast stretches of arid desert land with its network of irrigation canals and ditches. Now it was a plateau unrelieved save for the stubbles of cactus plants and then a deep ravine from which the water had vanished eons ago. Night of the third day brought the travelers to the city of El Paso, picturesque because of its constant competition in architecture, language and population for American or Mexican supremacy.

"Hotel Paso del Norte," Betty directed the taxi driver, and was very proud that he understood her. Perhaps she would have hesitated before complimenting herself upon her skillful use of the Spanish tongue had she known the chauffeur was quite accustomed to understanding the language incorrectly enunciated.

The following morning found Betty hurriedly hurrying her mother for early departure for the camp. But long

after Mrs. Wilson pronounced her toilet completed, Betty still primped before the mirror. She must look her very best, she thought, and later staid El Pasoans found a second turn of the head well worth while as the fair-skinned northerner motored by.

At the fort Betty wondered why the soldier on guard assumed such an aggressive position as she smiled her prettiest and asked to be directed to the proper location. "It seemed," she afterward told her mother, "as if he was afraid I wanted to snatch his rifle from him. Bobby's tent necessitated a long climb on foot through a sandy, uphill stretch, and it was a rather breathless Betty who stopped before the tent to which she had been directed. As she saw no one, she motioned to her mother, laboriously making the ascent, to wait below.

Betty walked a few paces off. She could see no one in or about the tent. A bit off she saw a laborer cleaning a saddle, and behind him a soldier with a rifle. She decided that she would make inquiry of him and advanced.

"Can you tell me—" That man in blue overalls! That man scrubbing a saddle! Betty reeled. It was Bobby! With an armed soldier behind him! He was a prisoner. And he had told her he had won a sergeant's chevrons.

Betty flew down the hill as she heard the soldier say: "Has the skirt gone nuts?" And Mrs. Wilson became fully convinced she had been very unwise to accede to her daughter's plans, as her arm was grabbed and she was violently pulled down the hill by a very agitated Betty.

"Stop, stop, Betty, my slippers are full of sand!" But her appeal brought no response, nor could she on the ride back to the hotel elicit any explanation for the sudden demand that they return immediately home. But Mrs. Wilson was too eager to leave the hot climate to question very minutely her daughter's change of plans.

The bellboy had already carried their valises into the taxi and Mrs. Wilson was making a final inspection of their room to see that nothing had been left behind. Betty stood disconsolately at the window, gazing at the street below.

"All right, Betty," called her mother, "let's go."

"Yes, let's go," repeated Betty in an unwilling tone. She did not want to leave El Paso, but it was the only alternative.

As the elevator stopped at the main floor and discharged its burden Betty stood aloof.

There was Bobby! Her Bobby. But looking surprisingly military in a perfectly fitting uniform. And on his arm were the prescribed three stripes of a sergeant! He turned and saw her.

"Betty," he cried out joyfully as he made a rush for the girl shrinking behind a large palm. The hotel guests turned to stare at the unusual commotion. "Betty, my Betty," he called as he caught up to her, "come to me. And as she held off, "What is the matter?"

Betty was choking. She could hardly speak. "But you're a prisoner!" "A prisoner?" Bobby repeated questioningly. "I'm no prisoner." His emphatic denial did not convince her.

"Oh, but I saw you this morning at camp. You were in overalls, scrubbing a saddle, and there was a soldier with a rifle behind you."

Bobby laughed loud and long. His voice re-echoed throughout the lobby. "Oh, you dear, dear Betty. Don't you know soldiers wear blue denims so as not to soil their uniforms? And the soldier behind me—that's my bunkie!"

As hotel guests and employees returned to newspaper and duties they pretended not to see the happy kiss of reconciliation.

Mrs. Wilson leaned weakly against a chair. "Imagine," she said, "summering in Texas!"

### NOT ENOUGH TO KNOW LAW

Young Men Seeking Admission to Bar Must Have General Understanding of Many Things.

It goes without saying that a lawyer must know a little something about law, but many persons will be interested to discover that the young men who have taken the preliminary examinations for admission to the bar must know something else.

They were required to write an essay on "The Growth of Democracy"—a very good thing for them to understand. To test their knowledge of literature they were asked to give the name of the author and the work in which any three of seven famous characters appear, including John Alden, Mrs. Caudle, Wilkins Micawber, Sir John Falstaff and Faithful. They were asked to tell what the Balkan peninsula is and the countries included in it, and to name the five principal countries in Africa, and to bound several American states. And they were asked to tell about the invincible armada and the origin of the British revolution of 1688, as well as other facts in European history. In addition their knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Latin and American history was tested.

Those who passed the examinations may go on with the study of the law. And it is supposed that their general knowledge will expand to keep pace with their growing knowledge of the principles and practice of the law.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

One Not Guilty. First Squibb—"Say, I wonder who originated the mother-in-law joke."

Second Ditto—"Dunno, but it's me to say it wasn't Adam."

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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

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## How Acid-Stomach Wrecks Health of Millions

Many people make the mistake of thinking that acid-stomach—superstition as the doctors call it—merely means an occasional attack of indigestion, bloated heartburn, belching, sour, fatty stomach, or some other such minor ailment which quickly remedied—or will cure itself—leave no serious after-effects. As a matter of fact, acid-stomach is responsible for a long train of serious ailments that cause awful suffering and sometimes battle the best medical skill. It is a well established fact that many cases of chronic stomach trouble, an ulcer, stomatitis, gastritis, rheumatism, gout, indigestion, eruptions of the liver, constipation, dyspepsia, cancer of the stomach, intestinal cancer, cancer of the uterus, and frequently valvular heart trouble and heart failure, can be traced directly to an acid-stomach. This is not at all surprising when you consider that even the acid formed in the mouth from fermentation of bits of food lodged in the teeth—and that is not usually tasteless—is yet powerful enough to eat through the hard enamel of the teeth and decay them. Is it any wonder, then, that an excess amount of acid in the stomach causes so much misery, undermines the strength and wrecks the health and happiness of so many people? It is not a fact, within the range of your own observation, that nine people out of ten are victims of acid-stomach?

If you ever hope to be well and strong you must get rid of that excess acid. Nothing is gained by taking medicines which merely stimulate and give you a false sense of strength and that leave the excess acid still in the stomach. You must depend upon your food for your strength, and unless you keep your stomach free from excess acid, pure, sweet and strong, it cannot properly digest food; your whole body suffers. What you want is relief—yes—and here is the way—absolutely guaranteed—can take no chance. It's been tested tens of thousands of times with universal success. Go to your druggist and get one package of RANTON'S, a wonderful preparation that will literally wipe the excess acid out of your stomach. The results obtained are nothing short of marvelous. Almost instantly it relieves that painful, puffed-up feeling after eating, belching, heartburn, sour stomach, etc. Makes the stomach feel cool and dry. If you need this help it's your own fault if you suffer another day. RANTON'S is absolutely guaranteed to get a big dose out of your stomach. If it does not help you your money will be refunded. If your druggist does not keep RANTON'S, send your name and address to the Eastern Remedy Company, 2018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., and they will at once mail you a free box and you can send them the money for it after you receive it.



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Distinction Not His. "And are you the eldest of the family?" asked the caller. "Nope," answered Teddy; "my granddaddy's a lot older'n I am."

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W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 42-1918.